



Quinquaginta  
A Birthday Book  
of 50 Verses

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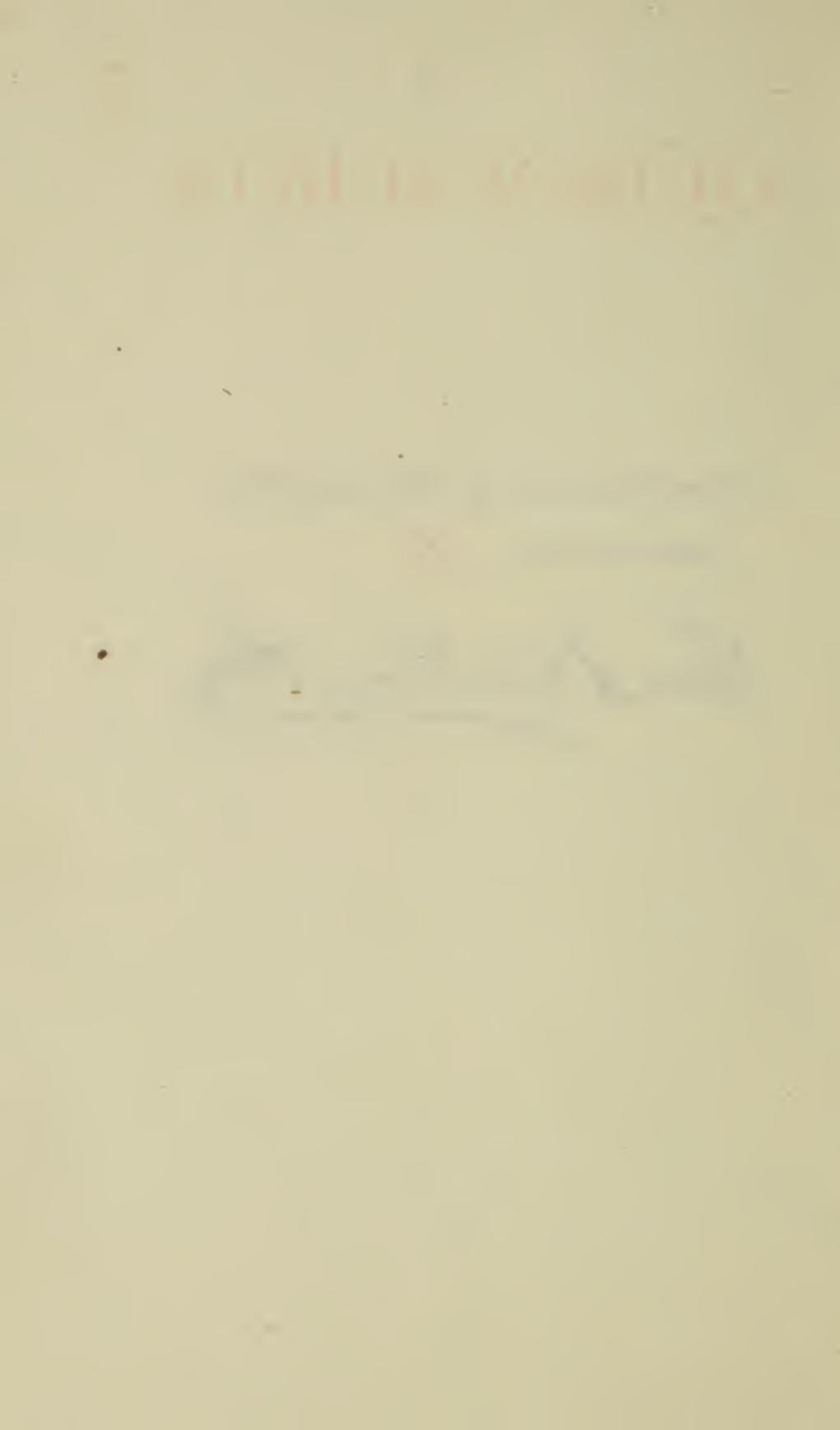
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Sept. 20.  
1888.



Of the fifty copies of QUINQUAGINTA,  
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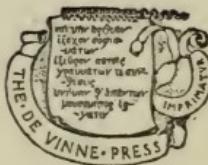


# QUINQUAGINTA



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*THAT a man at fifty should have been guilty of as many rhymed indiscretions as he has lived years is nothing strange. The wonderful feature of this case is my being able to count up fifty friends to whom I can send so odd a birthday book as QUINQUAGINTA, without fear of being laughed at for my pains. Possibly even this slender constituency may number some who will smile. But I take my chance.*

*The long poem with which the book opens was written at the request of the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and was read at Cambridge in the Summer of 1870. This, it will be remembered, was the year of the Vatican Council, and it so happened that the Society's anniversary fell upon the very day on which the partisans of "Infallibility" were hoping to promulgate their now famous dogma. It occurred to me that it would be timely for the poet to set forth another doctrine of supremacy*

than that which bases itself on Roman imperialism. I had no reason at the time, nor have I had reason since, to suppose that anybody among the listeners entered into the inner meaning of my parable. Still I enjoyed the comfort, all to myself, of knowing that the poem had a purpose, and that on the particular St. Peter's Day in question my cadenced protest was not wholly inopportune.

The most of the other verses in the volume have come into existence, from time to time, at the dictate of personal affection, and are the fruit of my friendships. The order of arrangement is, in the main, chronological.

*W. R. H.*

Grace Church Rectory,  
Twentieth day of September,  
*MDCCCLXXXVIII.*



QUINQUAGINTA





## I.

### THE SUPREMACY.

**R**OM ridge to ridge of ocean all day long,  
Lifted and pushed by giant arms and strong  
Full puffs of giant breath, our ship had sped  
With only blue beneath and blue o'erhead.  
Then, as I westward gazing watched the day  
In brightening color burn its life away,  
My thought ran out beyond the twilight rim  
Breathed into shape half canzonet, half hymn.

## I.

Ah! whither moves the world, and who is  
King?

I hear the click of wheels, and mark  
The solemn pendulum of Nature swing  
From dark to light, from light to dark,  
And wonder, Who is King?

## II.

Ah! whither moves the world, and who is  
King?

Tell me, ye mountains, stands the throne  
In some high solitude where eagle's wing  
Or the wild goat's quick foot alone  
May find the hidden thing?

## III.

Ah! whither moves the world, and who is  
King?

Thou watchful star that dost patrol  
The regions of the twilight, canst thou bring  
Through heavenly space my vision to the  
goal  
Of earth's long wandering?

## IV.

Ah ! whither moves the world, and who is  
King ?

Doth iron Doom the sceptre keep ?  
Or golden Love ? No answer can I wring  
From earth or sky. Mysterious Deep,  
Dost thou know who is King ?

---

Scarce had the sea-breeze snatched the ques-  
tioning cry

Before a voice, not loud, but wondrous  
clear,

And heavenly sweet withal, gave back re-  
ply,—

“ Voyager, take heart. The Hand that  
holds the sphere

“ Shall wisely guide. The night is deep-  
ening here ;

“ But pass with me yon faint horizon’s ring  
“ And thine own eyes shall tell thee who is  
King.”

Eager to catch the fashion of a lip  
Whose spoken word such gentle trespass  
made,  
I instant turned, when, lo, the laboring ship,  
As if a mystic spell were on her laid,  
Began straightway to shrivel, shrink, and  
fade,  
And masts and spars and shrouds and smoke-  
stack all,  
As in a sick man's dream, grew small, and  
small;

Until within a tiny skiff alone,  
Still heading towards the East, I seemed  
to be,  
How moved I know not, up that pathway  
strewn  
With spangles of bright silver, largess, she,  
Empress of waters, Queen of oceans three,  
Flings from her chariot to the subject waves,  
To charm them to forget themselves her  
slaves.

Thus o'er the darkling reaches of the sea  
We shot our moonlit course, the Voice  
and I,  
For though he spake no other word to me,  
By subtlest sympathy I knew him nigh,  
As friends who sit and watch the embers  
die  
On some old hearth-stone, all the closer  
feel  
While night and silence slowly on them  
steal.

Full on the bow at last rose up a cliff,—  
An island cliff, majestic, solemn, lone:  
And much I marvelled, Would my fragile  
skiff  
Be shattered on the inhospitable stone,  
And all my hope of looking on the throne  
Be shattered too, and I, a shipwrecked  
thing,  
Perish forlorn, nor ever know my King?

Then, as I braced me for the approaching  
shock,

And through the dimness strained my eyes  
to see

If anywhere the edges of the rock

Gave hope of foot-hold or escape for me,  
A sudden clearness set my vision free,

And I beheld the cliff's huge frontage  
wrought

With carven imagery more fair than thought.

A palace-temple builded high it stood,  
And all its lines shone lucid through the  
night,

Pouring their radiance o'er the unquiet flood,  
Until the very wave-tops, 'neath the might  
Of a new influence enchanted quite,  
Sank down, content to lie and bask awhile  
In slumbrous idleness before the isle.

Then had my eye full leisure to take in  
The marvellous beauty of the fabric's  
plan,  
Though still I failed to guess had Nature  
been  
The easy builder there, or toilsome man.  
In such wild symmetry the outline ran,  
Surely the forest's architect, I said,  
Hath done this thing, yet man rememberéd.

Meantime my boat across that tranquil space  
Shot gently-swift towards where the eye  
looked through  
A porch magnifical, in all the grace  
Of just proportion lifted, and to view  
Like rock-ribbed Staffa's basalt avenue,  
Whence issuing with wild scream the fright-  
ened gull  
Seeks calm Iona o'er the waves of Mull.

But on the moment when the pointed prow  
Touched soft the threshold of that portal  
fair,

The Voice, that had been silent until now,  
Bade me alight and climb the gradual  
stair

Which in and upwards rose before me  
there.

“For soon,” he said, “thy footsteps shall I  
bring

“Into the very presence of the King.”

Then quickly I alighted, and I clomb,  
Half-sad, half-glad, the stair, ascending  
slow,

In tremulous joy as one who to his home  
Comes from long absence, fever-sick to  
know

Whether there wait within some deaden-  
ing blow

Of grief untold, or whether he shall hear  
The children’s laughter ringing loud and  
clear.

When to the topmost step I came at last,  
Two massive doors in curious sculpture  
wrought  
Swung slowly on their hinges, and I passed  
Within that place. Ah, how shall I be  
taught  
To tell in language of this earth the  
thought  
With which that vision did my being bless,  
Of pure unutterable loveliness.

No pavement of insensate stone I trod,  
But smooth and soft and beautiful it lay,  
An emerald-hued, sweet, daisy-sprinkled  
sod,  
Most like the flooring of that minster  
gray  
Whose roofless walls stand open to the  
day,  
Whilst chattering rooks the ivied windows  
throng  
And from the Wye comes back the boat-  
man's song.

From out the turf sprang tree-like pillars tall,  
Whose topmost branches interlaced o'er-head,  
Made the high ceiling of that wondrous hall,  
So high, the firmament itself outspread  
Scarce higher seems when on his moun-tain bed  
Amidst the heather doth the shepherd lie  
And wakeful watch night's golden flock go by.

Through all the place there floated mystic light  
That seemed not born of sun, or moon, or star,  
And whatsoever thing it touched, grew bright  
As the snow-caps on distant mountains are,  
When up their outer slope the hidden car  
Of rosy morning clammers, and the pale  
Chill spectres of the mist desert the vale.

And in and out among the pillars walked  
Groups of fair forms who seemed familiar  
there

And to each other in low murmurs talked,  
And cheerily the birds sang everywhere;  
And all, I knew, were joyous, for the air  
Laden with gladness redolent of balm  
Into the very soul breathed restful calm.

No painted blazonry the windows held,  
But out through broad fenestral arches  
ran

Deep vistas rich with all the life of eld,  
So ordered that the curious eye might  
scan

Whate'er had happened since the world  
began,

And pictured see in true perspective cast  
The long, tumultuous epic of the past.

Here frowned the rough beginnings of the earth,

Grim monsters, growths of that forgotten day,

When first the brute came hideous to birth,  
And wallowing, gorged with surfeit of the prey,

Dragon and saurian 'mid the rushes lay  
To watch dull-eyed the burdened storm-cloud creep

Angry and low across the untraversed deep.

Elsewhere beheld embattled armies met,  
And squadrons wheeled, and pennons shook afar,

Here flashed the lance and there the bayonet,

Now Greek, now Roman, drove the conquering car,

And now the sword beat down the scimitar,

And through the cities of the sacred coast  
The mailed crusader smote the Paynim host.

Then was I sad to see how all the life  
That had been lived on earth was full of  
woe,  
How brute with brute, and man with man,  
at strife  
Had wrought themselves perpetual over-  
throw;  
And the tears started, "Shall I ever know  
"What these things mean?" I asked in  
querulous tone.  
"Peace," said the Voice, "thou hast not  
seen the throne."

With that I turned me from the pictured  
past,  
The griefs and glories of all time gone by,  
And eastward up that presence-chamber  
vast,  
Expectant gazed, when burst upon my eye  
The throne itself, yes, lifted up and high  
There stood the throne, with cloud-like  
glories piled,  
And on it sat the King,—a little child.

A little child of form supremely fair,  
All kingliness plain writ upon his face,  
I could not choose but give him homage  
there.

One hand I saw a lily-sceptre grace,  
And one was lift in blessing on the place.  
Close to his feet a tender lamb had crept,  
The lion's tawny whelp beside it slept.

As wells the sea in sweet Acadia's bay  
With sudden impulse, full, majestic, strong,  
Each nook and hollow flooding on its way,  
Swept, while I looked, an affluent tide of  
song.

Far off the choirs began it, then the throng  
Beneath the arches gathered caught the  
strain  
And the loud antiphon rolled back amain.

## SONG.

THE weary world at war,  
    Too sad to sing,  
Knows not how throned afar  
    The little child is King,  
But frightened kneels to pay  
    A worship cold  
To giant hands that may  
    Such reins of empire hold.

(*Antiphon.*)

O foolish world to lie,  
    And dream so ill!  
O hapless man, whose eye  
    Such cheating visions fill!  
So, singing still we pray,  
    And praying sing,  
Haste, Child, the golden day  
    When all shall know thee King.

The tramp of armies shakes  
    The trembling earth,  
From field and fortress breaks  
    A smothered flame to birth.

Across our tranquil light  
The flashes fly  
As on a summer's night  
Pale voiceless lightnings die.

(*Antiphon.*)

The lips that curse shall bless.  
O Earth, at length  
Shalt thou see gentleness  
Victorious over strength,  
Thy multitudinous voice  
Our anthem ring :  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!  
The little child is King.

. . . . .  
Then to their rope the laughing sailors turned  
And hove the log, while all the furrow burned  
In phosphorescent splendor, and the white  
Auroral spear-tops hedged the North with  
light.

## II.

## RENUNCIATION.

**J**LOOKED at sunset forth upon  
the lake,  
And said with scorn, " 'Tis scarcely  
hard for them  
" To boast their dullness and this world con-  
temn  
" Who love not beauty for her own sweet  
sake.  
" But as for me a mightier Christ must wake  
" In all my veins, and from His garment's  
hem  
" A virtue pass not hid in graven gem,  
" Erè I such sweet enchantment can forsake."  
For all the West was golden on the hill;  
And down the slope the boweréd gardens  
lay,  
With blossoms red, just silvered where the  
rill  
Dropt towards the lake, and dropping  
•seemed to say,  
" Cease thy vain struggle, self-deceivéd will,  
" Thy fetters learn to love, thy fate obey."

## III.

## IMITATION OF HERRICK.

## CLOUD FACES: THAT THEY CHANGE.

**E** FRINGE the coast of every isle  
That floats about the blue  
Of April skies, and through  
The warmth of April airs we watch  
Your shifting forms to catch  
Each feature new.

Forth from the curtains of the couch  
Where sinks the sun to sleep  
Ye oftentimes on us peep.  
Dappled with roseate light ye smile,—  
Ah me! what little while  
That glow to keep.

Anon, from chariots thunder-piled  
Ye look with grimdest frown,  
Like angry warriors down,  
On hapless earth which lies a-quake,  
And soon your voices shake  
The castled town.

But though each moment of the day  
New visages ye steal,  
Nor to one form stay leal,  
The self-same make I know remains,  
The same soft nature reigns,  
Naught may conceal.

So, though a different look each hour  
My Julia casts on me,  
I 'll not confounded be,  
But knowing her the same alway  
Will take as best I may  
Her coquetry.



## IV.

## A SILHOUETTE.



Y Shadow and I, one sunny day,  
A-walking went.  
With gambols many and gleesome  
play,  
On pleasure bent,  
O'er meadows and fields we took a way  
With light besprent.

My heart was glad; and quoth I then,—  
“Shadow of mine;  
“Though faithless have proved the sons of  
men  
“As yestern wine,  
“Yet as truly we 'll be what we have been  
- “As sun doth shine.”

“Aye,” cried the Shade, “so truly we  
“Will ever cling—”  
Athwart the sun some cloudlets free  
Their banners fling.  
I look for my Shadow;—where is he?  
A vanished thing.

## V.

KEATS.

IS head half rests upon his hand,  
As if, deputing her command,  
The soul had sought another land.

Great wealth of auburn crowns a brow  
Generous as his who weareth now  
With glory England's laurel bough.

From the sad eyes there streams a light  
Of fixéd ray, serenely bright,  
As the calm star that heralds night.

Ah! great of vision, who couldst find  
In Nature's trifles Nature's mind,  
Nor yet to largest sights wast blind ;

Couldst paint each flower Endymion prest  
When, 'mid the herbage finding rest,  
Dreamful he mingled with the blest;

Or trace in outline roughly grand,  
Grim Saturn with his Titan band,  
As mouthing thunderous words they stand.

Perchance 'twas well thy years were few,  
For added suns had dried the dew  
That lent thy verse its glistering hue.

And critic-taught thou mightst have  
strayed  
From the sweet path thyself had made,  
To seek the old and travelled grade;

Nor knowing how the landmarks stood  
Have perished, tangled in the wood,  
The hungry vultures' carrion-food.



## VI.

## NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS.

 EFORE the acorn dropt to earth  
That held the Mayflower's keel,  
Ere Roundheads found that common mirth  
Disturbs the Common weal;

While England held a seamless faith,  
And men could praise their Lord  
With voices full, not out of breath  
From winnowing His Word,—

Ah, then the Christmas-tide was kept  
As Christmas-tide should be;  
From face to face the gladness leapt,  
As breeze from tree to tree.

The wassail steamed, they decked the boar,  
The yule lit every hall;  
Within was heard the chimney's roar,  
Without, the minstrel's call.

Still sounds as ever from the first  
The Christmas angels' hymn,  
Still shines the Christmas star as erst  
It shone on Bethlehem.

Still yearly falls the Christmas snow,  
And clothes the earth in white,  
That pure of spot the Bride may go  
To greet the Lord of Light.

But we of the New England pay  
But scanty heed to these.  
The angels' anthem sounds, we say,  
Like the December breeze.

The star is but the astral light  
We 've seen, and shall again,  
The snow that clothes the earth in white  
Is only frozen rain.

But though our kith about us here,  
Taught by their stiff-necked sires,  
Have learned to scoff at Christmas cheer,  
To quench the Christmas fires,

Yet we, around our wax-lit tree,  
And 'neath our household star,  
May change our smiles, may share our glee,  
And leave the rest afar.

What though no wassail-bowl we fill,  
No mistletoe be crossed,  
Our cup of joy is with us still,  
Nor need the kiss be lost.

What though without no minstrel wight  
Stands knee-deep in the drifts,  
And gazing wistful at the light,  
His frozen carol lifts ;

Within, and hand to hand, we may  
In heartiest chorus sing  
Warm greetings to earth's brightest day,—  
The birthday of her King.

## THE CAROL.

## I.

CHEERILY, cheerily, sing we all,  
On Christmas eve the shadows fall,  
On Christmas morn the sunlight breaks,  
And all the world to gladness wakes.

The leaves are dead,  
The birds are fled,  
The little brooks' tongues are tied with cold,  
But bells may ring  
And children sing,  
For bright and warm is our Shepherd's fold.

*Chorus.*

Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all,  
For the day of the year  
It draweth near.

We children love our own to call.  
Christmas, sweet Christmas, welcome here!  
Oh, day of days, most dear, most dear,  
Christmas, sweet Christmas, welcome here!

## II.

Heavily hung is our Christmas-tree,  
The boughs they glitter for you and me,

The hemlock branches piled with snow  
In evergreen woods bend not so low.

God giveth all ;  
The ravens call,  
He feeds them, so let us begin,  
He hears alway  
When children pray,  
For He himself a child hath been.

*Chorus.*

Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all.

III.

Dear Lord, we would not selfish be,  
All hearts are not so glad as we.  
Remember, then, thy poor to-night,  
And flood their darkness with thy light.

The hungry feed,  
The wanderer lead,  
The sorrowing soothe, the captive free ;  
And pity, we pray,  
On the children's day,  
All those who have no Christmas-tree.

*Chorus.*

Cheerily, cheerily, sing we all.

## VII.

## THE VIOLET'S BIRTH.

## EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TREATMENT.

NE April morn as blue-eyed Spring  
Stood gazing o'er her new do-  
main,

Intent enfranchisement to bring  
If aught yet felt the Ice-King's chain,

She spied at last an humble nook  
Which still its snowy fetters wore;  
She cast upon 't a pitying look,—  
Those fetters could enthrall no more.

Each flakelet melted by her smile  
Caught the reflection of her eye,  
Hung trembling as a drop awhile  
Then burst a flower of azure dye.

So evermore the violet blows  
In gratitude when Spring draws nigh,  
And in the blossom's tint there glows  
The softness of that queenly eye.

VIII.

THE VIOLET'S BIRTH.

TWENTIETH CENTURY TREATMENT.

HROUGH the Winter, sad, de-  
jected,  
All their leafy verdure lost,  
Lie the plantlets, poor, neglected  
Captives of the giant Frost;  
But when Spring the embryo swells,  
Burst the prisoners from their cells.

Cotyledons first expanding,  
Seek to gain the light above,  
All their little throats demanding  
 $\text{CO}_2$ , the food they love;  
Love, for from it they distill  
Dextrine, starch, and chlorophyll.

By endosmosis the tissues  
Drink their differing juices in,  
While from out the leaves there issues  
Lung-delighting oxygen.

Soon warm April draws her near,  
And infoliate buds appear.

Next the apices unfolding,  
Fair Corolla shows her face,  
Five unequal petals holding,  
Sepals auricled at base.  
Thus, we botanists affirm,  
Springs the violet from its germ.



## IX.

## CLASS POEM.

1859.

 HE Cliffs of Gaspé! since the mountains were  
They 've hemmed the coast from Lawrence to Chaleur.  
So high aloft they rear their jagged crest,  
The sea-gull, peering from her stony nest,  
Sees the proud breakers toss their spray below,  
But hears no token of the ebb or flow:  
So steep, the bird, from out her eyry gray,  
With folded pinion drops upon the prey.  
Against these crags, the bastions of the shore,  
Twice in the day the hosts of ocean pour.  
Mailed in their brightness, crested with the foam,  
Mad for assault, the restless legions come;  
Their leader she, who, from her crescent car  
Beckons the ranks, and marshals all the war.

Twice in the day the strong Atlantic tide  
Falls back with murmurs, vanquished and  
defied,—

While, proudly smiling on the yielded shore,  
The Cliffs of Gaspé dream their peril o'er.  
But still the Queen her watery ranks assures;  
“Forward,” she cries, “the victory yet is  
yours.

“The blows you carry with each onward roll  
“Sap the foundation that supports the whole;  
“Crumbled already lies the lower wall,  
“Ere long the shelving battlements shall fall.”  
And thus the siege continues, nor in vain,  
For when, with April, suns grow warm again,  
And frosts can hold the o'erhanging crags  
no more,

They tumble thundering to the distant shore.  
Not there to linger, as they strike the land,  
The victor waves come shouting up the  
strand,

And, step by step, retreating bear away  
Far out to ocean their long looked-for prey.  
Long time those fragments, buried in the  
deep,  
Swept by the stream, their silent courses  
keep.

Hidden their motions, all is calm above,  
While still they wander as the currents move.  
The ages pass; at length from out the main,  
Slowly upheaved, those fragments rise again;  
And, builded firm by ocean's tireless hands,  
At last in strength a new-born island stands.  
An island crowned, it may be, with the palm,  
Where naught, save pipe of birds, breaks  
through the perfumed calm.

As Gaspé's Cliffs along the northern strand,  
So by life's sea the homes of learning stand;  
Aloft in air they rear a placid face,  
The great world's surges warring at their  
base.

About their brow empyreal breezes play,  
And gently fan the thought of fall away.  
Long we have hung upon the parent rock,  
Firm-knit, and proof against the billowy  
shock;

With quiet hearts and unconcerned, sur-  
veyed

The noisy realms of politics and trade.  
But not for ever shelving crags may stand,  
And laugh to scorn an angry Titan's hand.

The waves must conquer, brothers we must fall

Sundered and broken from the upper wall.  
To-day the cliff, to-morrow the cold strand;  
Then angry tides, and then farewell to land !  
On ocean's bed, where hidden currents stray,  
Unwatched shall each be borne his separate way;

And last, the years accomplished, once again,  
One here, one there, we rise from out the main.

So may we rise that our long life's work yield

Foundation stones, for other times to build  
Strong citadels of truth, where future souls  
May sit, nor feel a fear, while that great ocean rolls.

A window yonder looks upon the West —  
A small snug window, cushioned like a nest,  
And nest-like hung among the tree-tops high,  
Full-fronting on a great blue wall of sky.  
Recumbent here, and fanned by airs of June,  
The pleasant influence of the afternoon

Comes o'er one, wafting visions without number,—

A sweet bird-music lulling him to slumber.  
So let him sleep, but wake him ere the sun,  
Smiling and flushed because his race is run,  
Assumes the flaming crown his trusty steeds  
have won.

From Auburn's turret to the Belmont hills,  
A crimson glory all the horizon fills;  
And shooting upwards to each cloudy fold,  
Dyes heaven with hues earth blushes to behold.

Ah, then our dreamer finds his dreams come true,

For every cloud that floats about the blue,  
As if himself had all its motions wrought,  
Takes form and color suited to his thought.  
There stands the castle, there the smiling face

Of her he dreamt should lend the castle grace;

And further off are golden fields, and groves,  
And lakes, and islands, and the hills he loves.  
One afternoon — ere yet had passed away  
The flower-wreathed sceptre from the hands  
of May,

Beside that window fronting on the sky  
A dreamer sat, and watched the clouds go by.  
His thoughts were on the future ; How shall  
we —

So soon to start upon our quest — who see,  
From the bright centre where we stand and  
mark,

Ten thousand paths ray out into the dark,—  
Choose each the walk his feet may best pur-  
sue,

And enter on the maze with hope the only  
clew ?

Four beaten paths are calling us to choose,  
Each points to something it were ill to lose ;  
One to the ships, the warehouse, and the  
loom ;

A second, meekly, to the sick man's room.

A third, to her who holds the balanced  
scales ;

A fourth, devoutly, to the altar-rails.

How shall we choose ? The busy wheels are  
dumb

That weave the pattern of the years to come.  
More had he uttered, but the evening breeze  
Whispered, " Look westward to yon sunset  
seas " ;

He looked, and lo! those seas were white  
with sails,

The wings of nations, and he saw the trails,  
The foamy trails of monsters breathing  
smoke,

And tearing ocean with their iron stroke.

Along the coast were stately harbors, lined  
With jutting piers, and cities ranged behind.  
Inland, the mill beside the falling stream,  
And tall, lone chimneys garlanded with  
steam.

Well-pleased he gazed: "A noble dream,"  
he said,

"The world of strength, the lordly realms  
of trade."

Then rose the breeze, and gathering full and  
strong,

Swept to his ears these measured words of  
song:

Oh, hark to the clattering anvils!

Oh, list to the whistling steam!

See the engine-pulses beating!

See the restless shuttles gleam!

Rouse, rouse, and join the workers,

For we have no time to dream.

The mighty world rolls on and on,  
And circles the shining sun.

Full many a work have brave men wrought,  
But a work remains to be done.

The anchor-tied ships lie tossing,  
Impatient, upon the bay ;  
Their long straight fingers beckon,  
And their soundless voices say,  
Come scatter your knowledge o'er the earth,  
And the harvest shall repay ;  
For the patient world rolls on and on,  
And circles the shining sun,  
While the task that is set for man to do  
Is scarcely yet begun.

You may bridge the ocean courses ;  
You may level the rolling hills ;  
Send joy to the laborer's cottage,  
And fruit to the fields he tills.  
And your hands may forge the future,  
If the heart within you wills.  
For the world rolls on, and on, and on,  
And circles the shining sun,  
And roll she shall, while the ages live,  
Till the prize of her race be won.

The song was ended, and the breeze at  
rest;

Again the dreamer turned him to the West.  
Gone the bright vision, gone the sails, the  
smoke,

Like ghostly fabric at the enchanter's stroke.  
But higher up, above the sunset glow,  
Along the sky, a great white cloud moved  
slow;

And from the cloud looked out a pallid  
face,

With large, sunk orbs of such a mournful  
grace,

And yet so human, surely now there lies  
A lurking soul beneath those great cloud  
eyes.

So thought the dreamer, when the breeze  
once more

From the far verge up-springing as before,  
In tones now faint and low, these words of  
anguish bore :

O, passer by, the stony street  
Has echoed many a tread to-day;  
In vain I've called the hurrying feet,  
They would not, would not stay.

But thou, perhaps, canst hear my cry,  
Though fevered lips are almost dumb.  
The day is dying; must I die?  
O, come and heal me, come.

'Tis not enough that rich men leave  
Their marble charities to earth;  
The heavenly fingers surely weave  
A garland of more worth  
For him who pities while he lives,  
Who walks the world with tender eyes,  
Whose art directs the aid he gives,  
And bids the sick man rise.

But none have found me lonely here,  
Where I so long have lain;  
Ah me! this feeble voice, I fear,  
Will scarce be raised again.  
So, passer by, whoe'er thou art  
Whose shadow walks my chamber wall,  
If thine's a beating, human heart,  
O, hear me, hear me call!

The song was ended, and the breeze at rest;  
Again the dreamer turned him to the West.

As phantom pictures from the lantern thrown,  
Melt to new forms before the old are flown,  
So the sad features left the vision's face,  
And sterner lines now lingered in their place.  
Those great cloud-eyes now sparkled in the  
light,

Brows like Athena's wore the crown of  
might;

The snowy robes majestic motions made,  
One hand the balance held, and one the  
blade.

“Justice enthroned!” the dazzled dreamer  
cries,

“What call is hers?” Again the laden skies  
Sound forth their message as the breezes  
rise :

Subjects! Children! I, your sovereign,  
Watch you from my mountain throne;  
Discord, stalking blind amongst you,  
Ploughs and plants the fields you own.

Pluck the kernels from her furrows!  
Pluck them ere the blades be grown!  
Heal the feud of man with brother;  
Mete to each his righteous due;  
Guard the orphan and the widow;

Draw the boundary limits true ;  
Check the frenzy of the many ;  
Shield the weakness of the few.

Cleave a pathway through the people,  
Climb the granite steps of state ;  
Proudly tread the floors of senates,  
Mingle in the mad debate.  
Sounding measured words of wisdom,  
O'er the yells of party hate ;  
Gird with law your young Republic,  
Bind her azure zone with might,  
Set the stars upon her scutcheon,  
Bid them shed serenest light,—  
Beacons for the shipwrecked nations,  
Plunging blindly through the night.

The song was ended, and the breeze at rest;  
Once more the dreamer turned him to the  
West.

Like mighty flocks bent homeward to the  
fold,  
Along the verge the cloudy monsters rolled ;  
And gathering thick about the sinking day,  
Caught the rich crimson of his latest ray.

Plied each on each, in grand confusion cast,  
Long hung they ragged, fashionless, and  
vast;

Till, slowly shifting from the huddled swarm,  
At last their beauty floated into form.

A cloud cathedral, pinnacled with light,  
Stood proudly fronting on th' approaching  
night;

From sculptured niche and jutting corner  
quaint,

Looked the calm martyr, or the happy saint.  
Through dappled windows a warm sunshine  
streamed,

And, girt with haloes, heads of prophets  
gleamed.

Then from the carven doors, wide open flung,  
Came organ melodies, and thus they sung :

O, for a band of loyal hearts !

In these our faithless days,  
To walk out boldly through the world,  
And God's own banner raise.

From dull content and curtained ease,  
From shadow-lands of doubt,  
To bid all souls come stand where rolls  
Their Captain's battle shout.

To breathe o'er troubled breasts the word  
That stilled the lake of old;  
To cheer life's worn-out voyagers on,  
Though clouds and mist enfold,  
The fields are yellow — breezy smiles  
About the harvest creep;  
From heavenly walls the Master calls,  
But where are they who reap?

Oh, for a shadow of the zeal  
That dared, in elder time,  
To gild the cross upon its shield,  
And seek the holy clime.  
Oh, for a glimmer of the light  
That shone from martyr eyes,  
Through scorn and shame, and smoke and  
flame,  
Still trustful to the skies!

The breeze fell off, the singing was at rest;  
The dreamer woke, and turned him to the  
West.  
The sun was sunk, the cloud had sailed  
away,  
And one pale planet watched the grave of  
day.

What think ye, friends, and was the dreamer mad ?

Were all the forms with which his fancy clad  
The clouded heavens, idle visions wrought  
From the poor fabric of disordered thought ?  
Oh, say not thus ! but rather strive to see  
Prophetic gleamings of the things to be.

'Tis true, we're young, our hands are powerless now,

But hearts are earnest, hope is on our brow.  
Ye seasoned critics, whose complacent eyes  
Watch aspiration with amused surprise ;  
Who, from your icy summits, love to throw  
A patron's coldness on the youthful glow.  
Who cry, " Aurora lit our morning too ;  
" Poor things ! but they must learn the lesson new."

Strive as ye will to dam the freshet flood,  
The impetuous torrent of the early blood ;  
Strive as ye will that eager pulse to tame,  
The great boy heart will beat on just the same.

The hill-born fountain, in its upward course,  
Strives still to reach the level of its source,  
But vainly strives, it cannot match its birth,  
The glistening waters tumble back to earth.

But not disheartened ever more they rise,  
Brave in defeat, all eager for the skies.  
So let us rival, with untiring aim,  
The proud head-waters whence our being  
came.

What though, unequal to the skyward call,  
For ever longing, we for ever fall?  
The fountain's music whispers through the  
air,  
“ ‘Tis then most God-like, having failed, to  
dare.”

And now, companions, it is ours to stand,  
And wisely, boldly, choose; then, like a band  
Of sturdy woodsmen, with our axes bright  
Slung over shoulders trustful of their might,  
With blithesome footsteps, let us go to  
thread

The mighty forest glooming thick ahead.  
There each to hew his pathway as he will,  
Alone and severed, yet remembering still  
The dewy freshness of the happy ways  
We've trod together in these earlier days,  
While through the twilight shone life's morn-  
ing star,  
And the grim forest shook its leaves afar.

## X.

## A CROWN.

 HICK sprang the briars about her  
tender feet,  
On either side and underneath  
they grew;  
She murmured not, but with a courage  
true,  
Pressed on as if the pathway had been sweet.  
And now and then she stooping plucked a  
thorn,  
And wove it in the meshes of her hair.  
“Hath she no gems, that she should  
choose to wear  
“So sharp a diadem?” they asked in scorn.  
But as she nears her journey’s ending, lo!  
A folded door is suddenly flung wide;  
Out on the dark great waves of splendor  
flow,  
Flooding the path with their effulgent  
tide.  
And now the pilgrim’s crown looks all aglow,  
The thorns still thorns, but, ah! how  
glorified.

## XI.

## TWIN ELMS.

**B**ESIDE a cottage home there grew  
Twin elms that owned a single  
root;

Among the leaves the breezes blew  
Sweet songs to children at the foot.

Whatever tempest smote the one,  
And bent its branchy beauty low,  
Her brave companion scorned to shun  
But took in sympathy the blow.

Whatever Summer sunbeam fell  
In smiles of light on either's leaf,  
The sister knew its warmth as well,  
And shared the gladness as the grief.

One day upon our sky there sprung  
A cloud that first seemed far and small ;  
Then rose and gathered till it hung  
In brooding darkness over all.

We stood beside the cottage door,  
Dim thoughts and strange about us  
moved,  
A music never heard before  
Seemed sighing in the trees we loved.

Even as we watched the blackness broke,  
The lightning tore its cloudy bars,  
Struck one to ashes, and the smoke  
Went up to float among the stars.

• • • • •

Ah well,—the sky again is clear,  
And to our hearts this comfort come  
That one is left, now doubly dear,  
The only shelter of our home.

Long Summers may that shelter stand,  
While we, for whom in love it grew,  
Will strive, with fond and busy hand,  
To keep its strength for ever new.

We cannot promise perfect peace,—  
His gift alone who stilled the waves;  
We cannot bid the north-wind cease,  
Nor chain the Winter to his caves.

But this we can and this we will—  
Whatever right God's seasons claim—  
With loving hearts stand faithful still,  
Through sunshine and through storm the  
same.



XII.

**"NO MORE SEA."**

NREST my birthright is. I can.  
not choose

But rock and toss at angry  
ocean's will.

For if, at times, my shallop lying still  
Seem somewhat of its restlessness to lose,  
'Tis but a sign that balanced on the wave  
It for a moment hangs, the next, to fall  
Deep in the trough where many a dolor-  
ous call

Of tempest-voices mocks the untimely grave.  
Meanwhile I sit beside the helm and mark  
The scanty stars that peer amid the rifts.  
Nor loosen hold; it may be that my barque  
Shall come at last to where God's city  
lifts

Her lucid walls, and beckoneth through the  
dark;

"There shall be no more sea," her best  
of gifts.

## XIII.

## IN EXCELSIS.

S Titans grandly throned on high,  
With rock to lean on, rock to  
tread,  
The shadowy world half-guessed below,  
A cloudless firmament o'erhead,  
We sat and watched the Huntress Queen,  
Her raiment gloriously white,  
Girded with retinue of stars,  
Walk through the spaces of the night.

The breeze had died at set of sun,  
Deep calm clad all things, flower and star.  
Through the dim mists across Champlain  
The sleeping mountains loomed afar.  
Oh! why not to the soul of man  
At such a time come calm and peace?  
Why sounds there not a voice to bid  
The restlessness within him cease?

I know not; only this I know :  
A gloom around the heart is curled  
Whenever, more than is our wont,  
We feel the mystery of the world.  
The splendors of the sunset sky,  
The break of waters on the beach,  
The murmur of the woods at noon,—  
An untold sadness lurks in each.

We feel because we cannot feel ;  
We know our helplessness to know ; ~  
We ask, but answer cometh not,  
Is Nature friend to us or foe ?  
Oh, Mother, fair as thou art sad,  
Oh, Mother, sad as thou art fair,  
Lift the dark curtain's corner once,  
And show us what thou hidest there !



XIV.

SUNRISE ON MANSFIELD MOUNTAIN.

 P! up! Away with sickly dreams,  
      The morn is almost breaking,—  
 And not for you will day renew  
      The splendors of his waking.

How chill the half-lit landscape lies!  
 How grim the pines below us!  
 As well they might be dead outright  
      For all the life they show us.

And see stretched out at languid length,  
      And in the twilight gleaming,  
 Yon serpent mist his coils untwist,  
      While through the valleys streaming.

Far off to right New Hampshire's peaks  
      Stand up against the morning,  
 A circlet proud of argent cloud  
      Their highest head adorning.

But look, the East! With angry spring,  
Impatient of abiding,  
Up leaps red Day, as on the prey  
A lion from his hiding.

How changed the scene! Good Mother  
Earth

Now shines with features clearer,  
She gathers new grace, as a maiden's face  
When the one she loves draws near her.

For the pines, that seemed just now so grim,  
All wear an emerald lustre,  
And a welcome word, albeit unheard,  
Breathes up from every cluster.

The misty whiteness coiled below  
Is serpent now no longer,  
But it looketh plain a silvery chain  
To bind the hill-sides stronger.

The long dark shadow Mansfield casts  
Each moment fainter groweth,  
And soon the West shall glitter drest  
In all the Orient showeth.

*68 Sunrise on Mansfield Mountain.*

O glorious dawning, thou hast had  
Most wondrous power to win us,  
From out the sad to call the glad  
And cheer the heart within us.

So ever lighten, Orb divine,  
The gloom that hides our seeing ;  
Gild with Thy stroke the mists that cloak  
The bases of our being.

And break, oh break that shade of doubt,  
Our untried years disguising,  
Till past and future share alike  
The brightness of Thy rising.



## XV.

## LOWLANDS.

**A**S one who goes from holding converse sweet,  
In cloistered walls with great ones of the past  
And steps, enwrapt in visions high and vast,  
To meet his fellows in the noisy street,  
So we, descending from the mountain's height,  
Feel strange discordance in the world below,  
Is this the calm that there enchanted so?  
It cannot be that we beheld aright.  
But courage! not for ever on the mount;  
Far oftener in the valley must we move;  
The things that lie about us learn to love,  
And for the work allotted us account;  
Content if, now and then, we track above  
The tumbling waters to their placid fount.

## XVI.

## ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

“  HE world against me, I against the world.”

Strange words for him who just now stood

On Alexandria’s throne and hurled  
His thunders as he would.

But rock is not less rock, though forced at last

To fall before the beating sea;  
Nor may I be the less myself though cast  
Away from majesty.

God’s truth I stand on, can I need a throne ?

Or bishop’s vesture, if I feel  
His mercy wrap me with a warmth its own  
While at his feet I kneel?

No, let them drive me thrice again from  
sway,

As they, ere this, three times have driven,  
So but the Lord be at my side alway,  
I will deem exile heaven.

They call me haughty, of opinion proud,  
Untaught to bend a stubborn will;  
Ah, little dreams the shallow-hearted crowd,  
What thoughts this bosom fill,  
What loneliness this outer strength doth hide,  
What longing lies beneath this calm  
For human sympathy so long untried,  
Earth's most refreshful balm.

But more than sympathy, the truth I prize ;  
Above my friendships hold I God,  
And stricken be these feet ere they despise  
The path their Master trod.  
So let my banner be again unfurled,  
Again its cheerless motto seen :  
“ The world against me, I against the  
world.”  
Judge thou, dear Christ, between.

*In exile, A. D. 362.*



## XVII.

## SIMON PETER.

*“ Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing.”*

 LIKE those words rough Peter  
spake  
That Summer's evening, by the  
lake,  
When all the rest their work forsake,

And only wander to and fro  
With moans along the beach, to show  
By outward motions inward woe.

All this, thought Peter, is but vain.  
We cannot call to earth again  
The King who hath gone home to reign.

Not thus should we lament him dead,  
Who, ere he left us, gently said,  
“ Be ye not sad, but comforted.”

With honest labor, day by day,  
I'll seek to drive this grief away,  
Until the Master points my way.

"I go a fishing," then quoth he.  
His searching look struck through them.  
"We,"  
They answered, "also go with thee."

And so unto their toil they went,  
And ere the night was wholly spent,  
Joy took the place of discontent.

For, just at dawn, upon the sand,  
They see their risen Saviour stand,  
And hear him call them to the land.

That voice it is so loved of yore;  
He works a miracle once more ;  
He eats with them upon the shore ;

He tells them of the coming years ;  
He feeds their hopes, He chides their fears ;  
His love shall wipe away all tears.

Like those disciples, oft have I,—  
When cares seemed heavy, danger nigh,  
And only clouds athwart the sky,—

Stood still and said, “Now all is o'er,  
“ My life goes wrong, my heart is sore,  
“ For me there can be joy no more.”

But then I seem to hear anew  
Those words of Peter, brave and true,  
And stout at heart my way pursue ;

My way pursue, though dim it be,  
And oft, ere morning lights the sea,  
Cometh my Lord and blesseth me.



## XVIII.

## TUITION.

 LLUSTRIOUS Mother, nourished  
at thy knee  
In the far years shall children's  
children be.

Teach them the talisman of deathless youth,  
The sweet child-temper docile to the truth.  
He studies best whose manhood longest  
keeps  
The passionate thrill that in the boy's blood  
leaps;  
Eyes that look out, unconscious of their  
glow,  
Shy to be known, shall soonest all things  
know;  
Into the ear that listens and is taught,  
Shall come the music of God's whispered  
thought,  
And him the beatific visions bless  
Whose lips the hunger and the thirst confess.

## XIX.

## SAINT DOROTHY.

## A MONK'S STORY.

**H**ULL a score of Springs have blos-  
somed,  
Full a score of Summers died,  
Since the vision—so they called him—  
Since the angel left my side.  
And you long to hear the story ?  
And you fain would have me tell  
Why I fled yon pleasant city,  
Why I love my rough-hewn cell ?  
Sit thee down then here beside me,  
See, the fern-leaves still are wet ;  
Full an hour the cliff will shade us,  
For the sun is early yet.

. . . . .

Strangely like this heavenly morning  
Smiled the morning, years ago,  
When beside an open window,  
In the noisy town below,

'Mid my parchments piled and scattered  
Conning deep a cherished scheme,  
Sat I, folded in the richness  
Of a young man's morning dream.  
Many a client by the threshold,  
Watching for my leisure, stood,  
But my heart was elseway busy,  
And I bade them wait my mood.  
I would build a stately villa  
Far away without the walls,  
I would feed its lawns with fountains ;  
I would crowd with art its halls.  
There, with comrades fitly chosen,  
Rare delight my soul should take,  
Peaceful as the changeless image  
Painted on an Autumn lake.  
What should care I then for clients,  
Dingy rolls, and forum's strife ?  
Haste, oh haste, ye blest immortals,  
Haste to me this golden life !  
Dreaming thus, lo ! on a sudden,  
Down the highway, stern and hard,  
Saw I, marching full before me,  
Towards the gate, the prefect's guard.  
Coldly gleamed their burnished corse-  
lets,

Whilst amid them, raised on high,  
Shone the white robe of a maiden  
They were bearing out to die.  
Then bethought I 'twas the Christian  
I had seen adjudged her doom,  
Yestereven for refusing  
Homage to the gods of Rome.  
“ Bow to Cæsar ! Worship Cæsar ! ”  
Fierce had yelled the throng about.  
“ Worship God ! ” went forth her answer,  
Clearly rung above the shout.  
I had stood there through the trial,  
And remembered to have heard  
How the maiden, when they asked her  
What should yield her death reward,  
Answered “ He, my Lord and Saviour,  
“ Whom I serve and whom I love,  
“ Keeps for all his meek and faithful  
“ Gardens in the skies above.  
“ There, 'mid groves of golden fruitage,  
“ Flowers that bloom and never fall,  
“ Walk with palms the saints who followed  
“ Here on earth their Master's call.”  
Loudly laughed the mob to hear her,  
Loudly laughed I with the rest,  
But she only gazed the keener  
Towards the cloud-bank in the West;

And when he who sat to judge her  
Cried, "To-morrow morn she dies!"  
Full upon her face the sunset  
Flashed from out the crimson skies.

Yes, 'twas she, and I, to scoff her—  
Cruel are the hearts of men—  
Called from out my open window,  
Called to her who passed me then,  
"Maiden fair, I pr'ythee send me,  
"When you've won your martyr's prize,  
"Fruit and flowers from the garden,  
"Blooming there beyond the skies."  
Turned she then a moment towards me,  
And the roses tinged her cheek,  
As she answered, "Yea, good master,  
"I will send you what you seek."

This was morning, early morning,—  
But the hours went idly on,  
Till it came the time for feasting,  
Nigh the setting of the sun.  
Then, as I with gay companions  
Lay and sipped the Chian rare,  
Lo! as true as we are living,  
Came and stood beside me there,

Clothed in white, a youth angelic,  
With a brightness in his eye,  
Such as almost seemed reflected  
— Downward from the beaming sky.  
In his hand a golden basket  
Held he, most divinely wrought,  
Piled with fruit and decked with lilies,  
Rich beyond a painter's thought.  
“Eat,” said he, “a friend hath sent  
them”—

Then it flashed upon me straight,  
How the maiden, in the morning,  
Bade me for her promise wait.  
Tempted by unearthly longings,  
With a hand that shook for awe,  
Chose I then a purple cluster,  
Fairest of the fruits I saw.  
Tasted—Oh, that moment's rapture,  
Oh, that vision, when the skies,  
Rolling back their gates of azure,  
Burst in fulness on my eyes!  
There, with steps that weirdly glided  
Like the moonlight on the sea,  
Walked the maiden, and beside her  
One whose face was hid from me.  
All around them bloomed the lilies,

All above them gleamed the fruits,  
While the clusters 'mid the branches  
    Mocked the flowers about the roots.  
All the beauty she had painted,  
    When she spake the eve before,  
Waiting for the cruel judgment,—  
    All was there—and more, more, more !

Swiftly passed the vision from me,  
    Swiftly closed the blue o'erhead,  
Turning then to thank the angel,  
    Lo ! my heavenly guest was fled !

Here my story ends, good stranger.  
    Dost thou wonder now, I pray,  
Why I left yon pleasant city,  
    Why I love these rocks of gray ?  
Dost thou wonder ? Then I tell thee  
    I have pleasures all my own,  
And I would not for a palace  
    Yield my little cell of stone.  
I have pleasures, such as others,  
    Wrapt in thoughts of meats and wine,  
Games and garlands, homes and villas,  
    Know not to be half divine.  
True, it is not always heaven,—

Clouds they come and clouds they go;  
But a single flash can lighten  
Dreary months of gloom and woe.  
So I dwell here, careful only  
How to help the poor and ill,  
How to soothe the broken-hearted,  
How to bid proud waves be still,  
How to live that so, in dying,  
I may reap her sure reward,  
'Mid the fields that bloom for ever  
Round the footstool of our Lord.



XX.

THE SURGEONS AT BULL RUN.

 STRANGE work was theirs ;— upon  
the edge of battle,  
For hospital, a gray old church  
of stone,

Without the batteries' roar, the muskets' rattle,  
Within, around them, pain's low monotone.

Through aisles where never hurried step  
hath sounded,  
Where men have walked with solemn,  
downward eye,  
With heavy tread their comrades bear the  
wounded,  
Or lay them down, perchance unwatched,  
to die.

Meanwhile, these bitter agonies assuaging,  
The tireless surgeons labor 'mid the din,  
Nor all the tumult mad about them raging  
Shakes aught the calm that sits enthronèd  
within.

84 *The Surgeons at Bull Run.*

But, hark! The battle turns! The foe is  
on us!

A warning voice shouts hoarsely in the  
porch,

“ Fly, comrades, fly! The enemy’s upon  
us!

“ They point their howitzers against the  
church.

“ Quick, fly, the drums! you hear what they  
are beating!

“ Haste! Time is short! Those guns be-  
gin to play!”

This answer only follows them retreating :

“ We cannot leave our wounded, come  
what may.”

Brave words and true. No knight of ancient  
story

E’er blazoned lordlier on his dinted shield,  
No world-watched conqueror, athirst for  
glory,

E’er spake more proudly on victorious  
field.

Nor fell their sound uncaught by the immortals;  
But, doubt ye not, bright-winged ones,  
standing near,  
Bore up with echoings, to the heavenly portals,  
Your words they heard so grandly uttered here.

And through all years, whatever may betide  
you,  
Though blows fall thick, and evil seem  
the day,  
One, the great Healer, still shall stand beside you,—  
He never leaves His wounded, come what  
may.



## XXI.

## THE LAST DENIAL.

*“Venio Romam iterum crucifigi.”*

“EATH to the Christians.” So the edict read.

No wonder fear on all the city fell,  
 No wonder if the frightened people fled,  
 Remembering the Cæsar’s vengeance well.  
 But shame that Simon, named of Christ the Rock,  
 That he, their leader and their head,  
 Basely succumbing to the tempest’s shock,  
 Should, panic-struck, have fled.

But list what fell. He scarce a league had gone,—

Shame on his cheek, and terror in his pace,—

When suddenly a light about him shone,  
 And the old Master met him face to face.  
 “Lord, is it thou?” the astonished Peter cried.  
 “And, tell me, why that look of pain?”  
 “To Rome I go,” a mournful voice replied,  
 “To taste my cross again.”

“ It shall not be, dear Christ, it shall not be.”

    And a fire flashed beneath those eyebrows  
        grim.

“ Long since my Saviour bore His cross for  
    me,

“ Now comes the time to bear my cross for  
    Him.

“ Oh, think not, Lord, I have forgotten quite

    “ The lie, the cock-crowing, the look,

“ Or all the terror of that woful night,

    “ When I my faith forsook.”

Then, turning slowly, steadily away,

    That strong disciple set his face towards  
        Rome.

“ Farewell,” he murmured, “ we must part  
    to-day,

“ To-morrow greet me in Thy Father’s  
    home.”

Enough. You know the story of his death.

Bravely he met his bitter cross;

Silent he suffered ; calmly yielded breath.

The churches mourned their loss.

## XXII.

## SAINT CRISPIN.

 HE court is narrow, close, and deep  
Where on my bench I sew and  
sew;

All round the walls rise dark and steep,  
Brick here, brick there,—above, below;  
On every side brick mocks my eye,  
But up between two chimneys tall,  
There shines a little patch of sky,  
And that my pleasure ground I call.

Oh, when the sun will only shine,  
There's not a man the city through,  
Whose heart beats merrier than mine  
As here I sit and watch the blue.  
For, if there sail no cloud across,  
I think how deep the heavens are;  
How bright, how pure; and what a loss  
It were to never travel there.

But, if there come a sun-lit cloud,  
Then greater joy is mine to trace  
The foldings of each snowy shroud,  
The changes of each giant face.  
Anon the cloud takes on the form  
Of lofty castle-walls, and then  
The chill old blood within grows warm,  
In thinking of the deeds of men.

Sometimes dim features I descry,  
That mind me of a face long dead;  
And once there stood out on the sky,  
The maid I loved but might not wed.  
Again a great cloud-cross I see,  
And almost trace the form it bore;  
Oh, then I know there's love for me,  
In spite of all I lost before.

And thus, though close the court and deep  
Where toil I on, day after day,  
You see I yet contrive to keep  
One joy no man may take away.  
For God, who rules us with His hand,  
And as He will bestoweth store;  
Although He gave the rich his land  
Still keeps the blue heavens for His poor.

## XXIII.

## BEFORE ORDINATION.

 HOU callest, Lord, I hear thy voice  
 And so in meekness come.  
 I falter, but not mine the choice.  
 Thou callest. I am dumb.

I only listen. I am least  
 Of all, and yet I know  
 Thou callest me to be Thy priest.  
 I argue not. I go.

All through the past Thy hand hath led ;  
 Grant me this day to feel  
 That hand in blessing on my head,  
 As at Thy feet I kneel.

The years await me. What they hold  
 Thou knowest, Lord, not I.  
 every side the cloud-banks fold  
 The edges of my sky.

But still within my ears there rings  
 One voice and only one,—  
 All courage to my heart it brings,—  
 Thy will, my God, be done.

## XXIV.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

## I.

N deck at even it is good  
Alone to stand,  
And in the cloud-piled West to  
trace  
What seems a land  
Where thou and I might pillow'd lie  
Far off from care,  
Could I but take the glittering wake  
And, with unfaltering steps, speed out to  
meet thee there.

## II.

From West to East, beneath all skies,  
By day, by night,  
Astern the white-winged sea-birds keep  
Their tireless flight.  
Far, far behind their circles wind,  
And I can see  
They are the sure swift prayers and pure  
Thy constant heart hath sent to keep their  
watch o'er me.

## III.

Fly back, ye birds, fly back, fly back  
Across the sea !  
Fly home, ye patient ones, fly home,  
With words for me !  
Go tell my love how all things move  
As she doth pray ;  
One moment rest close on her breast ;  
Then, sea-birds, poise your wings, flash  
sunshine, and away !



## XXV.

## ISAAC.

*“And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide.” GEN. XXIV: 63.*



LONELY spirit by sad thought  
opprest,

With few to comfort, none to  
understand,

The son of Abram thirsted for the land  
Where there remaineth for God’s people  
rest;

The far-off land beyond the sunset glow,  
The golden land where happy saints abide,  
And oft-times in the field at eventide  
He questioned with himself, and longed to  
go.

Why should he tarry? She whom best he  
knew,

Whom most he prized, whose love no  
shade of doubt

Had ever touched, so fond it was and true,  
No more among the tents went in and out,  
But where the trees on Ephron’s acre grew  
Lay silent, sepulchred by hands devout.

## XXVI.

## REBEKAH.

*“And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah’s tent, and took Rebekah and she became his wife; and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother’s death.” GEN. XXIV: 67.*



PON his gloom her smile like sunshine fell,  
 Into his life her voice with music came,  
 From out dead embers sprang a living flame,  
 The thirsty camels at her father’s well  
 Drank not more eagerly beneath the spell  
 Of her sweet presence waters that she drew,  
 Than he her love, whose worth none other knew,  
 And known was wealthier than tongue might tell.  
 Her meekness hallows every slightest deed,  
 Her quick compliance half-way meets his will,

Her anxious care foreknows his every need,  
    Her patience waits upon his weakness  
        still.

No longer sorrow's slave, now shall he lead  
    Such life as doth all righteousness fulfill.



## XXVII.

## CRADLE-SONG.

**B**ABY of mine, lie still, lie still,  
 Cover those little blue eyes so  
 clear.

Oh there 's many the lady on yonder hill  
 Who would give me her necklace in change  
 for you, dear.

All the queen's jewels and all the king's gold  
 Never those apple-bloom cheeks shall buy,  
 Deepest of valleys the price could n't hold,  
 Not if they piled it up full to the sky.

What are you dreaming of, clutching my  
 hand,  
 Tiny lip curling and dimples down deep ?  
 Who are the friends from the far-away land  
 That come here each morning to brighten  
 your sleep ?

Baby of mine, lie still, lie still,  
 Should there fall aught on me here by thy  
 side,  
 Silvery wings of the angels will  
 Under their feathers my darling hide.

## XXVIII.

## THE HILL-SIDE SCHOOL.

 HE builders of the elder world,  
 Beneath forgotten skies,  
 Wrought for the king the bravest  
 thing

    Their cunning could devise ;  
And proudly from her lattice leaned  
    My lady gazing down  
To watch the smoke that curled and broke  
    Above the straw-thatched town.

Our palace not for these we build,  
    Not for the few or one,  
For each and all we plant this wall  
    To front the rising sun.  
For each, for all, for rich, for poor,  
    This tuneful belfry rear,  
Whose music tells of her who dwells  
    A gracious mother here.

For this is Wisdom's hill-side home ;  
To her we yield it now,—  
Her, lowly-grand, of generous hand,  
Clear eye and open brow.  
And while these strong foundations last,  
This roof-tree spreads above,  
About her knee shall clustered be  
The children of her love.

Them shall she teach the new-found lore  
Of earth and sun and star,  
Or point their feet adown the sweet  
Old paths that lead from far.  
Them, loosed at last, her mother-eye  
Shall watch their journey through,  
None proud as she they proven be  
Brave sons and daughters true.



XXIX.

THE BURIAL OF LINCOLN.

 HE father of a people sleeps ;  
 His patient toil is done.  
 For us, accustomed watch he keeps  
 No more beneath the sun.

He dealt in mercy with his foes ;  
 He made the bondman free.  
 Lord, as he did it unto those,  
 He did it unto Thee.

He braved the long tempestuous night ;  
 He watched the reddening sky ;  
 He tasted victory with the light,  
 Then bowed his head to die.

With booming gun and tolling bell,  
 We've borne him to his grave,  
 Through the broad land he loved so well,  
 The land he wrought to save.

Ye prairie winds, breathe low his dirge !  
Frown, all ye mountains gray !  
With mournful cadence, mighty surge,  
Beat the long coasts to-day !

Our tongues are stilled ; we only know  
The Judge of all doth right.  
With tears the precious seed we sow ;  
Lord, make our harvest white.



XXX.

"PERPLEXED, BUT NOT IN DESPAIR."

**B**E brave to live. Desponding heart,  
    be strong,—  
Strong to submit, to trust, to wait.  
Our God is true although His times be long,  
    And hope's fulfillment late.  
Hid by the misty curtain from thy view,  
    The years seem boundless, but a Hand  
Which cannot fail shall guide thy feet all  
    through  
That undiscovered land.

Make not of work a labor. God is good.  
What strength He asks, He ready stands  
    to give.  
Less by their fears, more by their love, He  
    would  
    Have all His children live.  
And thee He loveth ; stronger love is not ;  
    Earth cannot give a peace so deep.  
Then calmly live, take patiently thy lot,  
    And God thy spirit keep.

## XXXI.

## TO A GODSON.

**B**ENEATH Thy banner, Lord, enroll  
This day one soldier more.  
The waters of Thy cleansing love  
On his young spirit pour.

We bring him helpless, make him strong  
In head, in heart, in will.  
With faith, with loyalty, with love,  
His growing purpose fill.

Already from the distance come  
The echoes of the fight,  
Already glimmers on the verge  
The lurid battle-light.

In all Thine armor clothe him, Lord,  
So through the clash and din,  
Unhurt shall he his footsteps keep  
And stand with them that win.

As we to-day about him grouped  
See traced upon his brow  
The symbol of the suffering  
Appointed to him now,

So may we then beside him stand  
When, ended all the strife,  
Around that forehead God shall wreath  
A fadeless crown of life.



## XXXII.

## LEXINGTON.

1775-1875.



QUEEN and crowned, who was  
a peasant girl,  
“ This greatness wearies me,” she  
sighs ;  
“ I will forget a little while my state,  
“ And, hiding from the eyes  
“ That watch the throne, will creep  
“ To where, in trellised sleep,  
“ The darling cottage of my childhood lies.

“ I thirst to taste the water of the brook,  
“ To track once more the wild-wood ways ;  
“ My ear is hungry for the note of birds  
“ That sang in those old days ;  
“ And I would breathe anew  
“ The wholesome airs that blew  
“ Across the yellow tassels of the maize.”

O Queenly Land ! O Mother of our love !  
Look back to-day beyond the years,  
Look back to that sweet April of thy youth  
Changeful with hopes and fears ;  
A village maid once more,  
Thy song of gladness pour,  
And lift those clear blue eyes undimmed  
by tears.

Then, turning from this home where thou  
wast born,  
Light-hearted take again the weight  
Of gems and thorns a century hath made  
Thy costly crown of state.  
Benignant, gently-strong,  
Rule o'er us late and long,  
Thou lowly one to whom God said, " Be  
great."



## XXXIII.

## THREE-SCORE AND TEN.

 NLY the faithless heart grows sere;  
 Time cannot touch the child of  
 God.

Life — true life — doth but open here;  
 At most a trifling space is trod.

We will not call him old for whom  
 We know a boundless lifetime waits ;  
 We will not dwell on evening gloom,  
 But point to morning's glorious gates.

The years before us make our hope,—  
 The years behind we count as dead.  
 Christ's soldier treads an upward slope  
 And all God's promise lies ahead.

Then let us keep our birthday feast.  
 Bring flowers for him our best of men,  
 And crown with amaranth the head  
 That wears so well three-score and ten.

## XXXIV.

## LATE HARVESTS.

HREE-SCORE and ten have ri-  
pened to four-score ;  
The shadows longer reach, the sun-  
set nears ;  
But He who fills the measure of thy years  
Full to the brim, pressed down and run-  
ning o'er,  
Sows as He gathers, scatters while He reaps ;  
Counting the fruitage of the life we see  
Only as seed of harvests yet to be  
In the fair fields His loving-kindness keeps.  
To Him we look. To whom if not to Him ?  
For little hath He left in age to thee,  
And little hath He left in youth to me,  
Save His own promise that the eyes now  
dim  
With mists of sorrow shall have vision free,  
And lips now silent pour their morning  
hymn.

## XXXV.

## ADVENT HYMN.

 ORD of the darkness and the day,  
To Thee Thy waiting people pray,  
Perplexed, assaulted, hard-beset,  
Faithful we grasp Thy promise yet.

Dimly our home-sick eyes descry  
The signs that fleck earth's sunset sky ;  
But, while we strive to read aright,  
The evening deepens into night.

Come, Prince of life ! Come, even so  
As Thou from Olivet didst go ;  
Make good the word, for honor's sake,  
The twain in white apparel spake.

With cleansing fire our work to try,  
Discerner of the heart, draw nigh !  
Swing East, swing West Thy winnowing fan,  
Till judgment throughly search out man.

So melts at last the twilight gray ;  
So broadens luminous the day  
When, stern to punish, swift to bless,  
A King shall reign in righteousness.

## XXXVI.

## SANCTUARY DOVES.

 NTO the half-built church, from out  
a sky  
That crimsoned all the West,  
Came mated doves, and 'mid the rafters high  
Fashioned their simple nest ;  
With busy beaks, that quickly won their  
store,  
Gleaning the treasures of the littered floor.

And there, through all the work-day's thrifty  
round,  
Secure from touch of harm,  
The brooding mother let nor sight nor  
sound  
Her quietness alarm ;  
But gazing downward on the toil and stir,  
Watched the deft hands that seemed to build  
for her.

Within the temple's wall,— though incomplete,—

My soul seek thou thy rest,  
From storms a covert, refuge from the heat,  
And peace that none molest.  
Dear is the freedom of the open fields,  
But freest those whose nest God's roof-tree  
shields.



## XXXVII.

## CYPRESS AND HOLLY.

**A**CROSS the voice of children piping clear  
Their welcome carols to the Prince of Peace,  
Broke sudden-sharp a cry that bade us cease  
From wreath and song and all the season's cheer;  
For lo! unto our feast had one drawn near  
Who with the Christmas angels mateth ill;  
And there had faded from that presence chill  
A life just made by new life doubly dear.  
Then through the church of All Saints,  
now most still,  
This sentence sounded on a listening ear:  
“Peace! It is well! Even thus must she fulfill  
“His purpose whom we worship without fear.  
“The first of brides to speak her promise here,  
“She leaves us at the Heavenly Bridegroom's will.”

## XXXVIII.

## AMONG THE KINGS.

E. A. W.

*“And they buried him . . . among the kings.”*

II. CHRON. XXIV: 16.

**Y**ES, lay him down among the royal dead.  
“ His steady hand no more the cen-  
ser swings.

“ Room for this priest beside the bones of  
kings !

“ For kingly was he, though a priest,” they said.  
Great-hearted friend, thee, too, we counted bred  
For priesthood loftier than the tardy wings  
Of soul’s content with songs the caged bird  
sings

Are wont to soar to. Thine it was to wed  
Far-sundered thoughts in amity complete;  
With Christ’s own freedom fettered minds to  
free ;

To thread the darkling paths where timid feet  
Faltered and slipped. Oh, it was not in thee  
To blanch at any peril ! Then most meet  
That thou amidst the kings shouldst buried be.

XXXIX.

MY LADY OF NORTHWOODS.

 HE ripple on the lake she loves  
 Hath glance less quick than she ;  
 No daintier touch the humming-  
 bird ,  
 Nor thriftier mind the bee .

And, while I watch her elfish ways ,  
 It seems as if I saw  
 Dame Durden back in high-heeled shoon  
 And peakéd hat of straw .

An alder-switch her only wand ,  
 Her talisman a smile ,  
 She lures the city-folk from far ,  
 Full many a stubborn mile .

Nay , costlier miracle , she makes  
 The cockney soul confess ,  
 Repentant from its sordid moods ,  
 How good the wilderness .

O radiant days! O restful nights!  
O hill-fed breezes free!  
Good fairy, while the world goes round,  
Keep open house for me.



## XL.

## CHARADE.

**D**EEP in my second sinks my first,  
While blow on blow rebounds.  
Through wooded - ways, where  
echo plays,  
The beetle's music sounds.

The axe has done its work ; and now  
They toil with might and main,  
And all, alas, to bring to pass  
That what was one be twain.

Who decked the tables of the poor  
With forms of beauty rare ?  
Who made the clay his will obey ?  
My whole, thou art aware.

## XLI.

## NATURA NATURANS.



ATURA, Mistress of the Earth,  
A study hath, they say,  
Where, century by century,  
She sitteth moulding clay.

Fast as the images are wrought,  
Her lattice wide she throws,  
And on the ample window-sill  
Arranges them in rows.

A sprightly critic happening by,  
One idle Summer's morn,  
Made bold to chaff this lady fair,  
In half good-natured scorn.

“ Natura, Bona Dea,” said he,  
“ I’m bored to death to find  
“ What everlasting sameness marks  
“ These products of your mind.

“ The men you sculpture into form  
    “ Might just as well be rolled ;  
“ Peas in a pod are not more like,  
    “ Nor bullets from one mould.

“ Dear lady, quit the ancient ruts,  
    “ Retake the point of view ;  
“ Do differentiate a bit,  
    “ Evolve us something new.”

Piqued was the goddess at that word,  
    Resentful flashed her eye,  
While all the artist in her rose  
    To give his taunt the lie.

“ I’ll show you something fresh,” she cried,  
    “ I’ll teach you how it looks ;”—  
Then plunged her fingers in the clay,  
    And modelled *Phillips Brooks*.



## XLII.

AN ANNIVERSARY IN ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL,  
EVE OF ALL SAINTS.

MDCCCLXXXII.

ITHOUT, on all the air a breath  
of sadness,  
Dulled skies, a fading year ;  
Within, a presence of mysterious gladness  
Filling God's house with cheer.

Without, the hurrying feet, the horse-hoofs  
prancing,  
The rush that will not cease :  
Within, a grave procession slow advancing  
To clear-voiced songs of peace.

What wonder if the old man's footsteps falter ?  
His eyes behold the dead !  
They throng him, greet him, as he nears the  
altar  
Where that far vow was said —

Vow to be gentle, patient, tender-hearted,  
Vow to be firm and true.  
He hath no need, ye living ! ye departed !  
That promise to renew.

Now brimmed with pity, now with courage  
ardent  
The plighted word to keep,  
For half a hundred years, yon eye regardant  
Hath shepherded the sheep.

Father, farewell ! Ere long, in heavenly  
places,  
Beyond the changeful years,  
Perchance thou shalt these voices and these  
faces  
Remember without tears.



## XLIII.

## NATIONAL HYMN.

 ROM everlasting God,  
 To everlasting God,  
 Bend from thy throne!  
 Take Thou our homage free,  
 Never to man knelt we,  
 Only great King to Thee;  
 Shield Thou thine own!

Keep in our hearts, we pray,  
 Thoughts of the elder day  
 Fresh evermore;  
 Works of the fathers dead,  
 Words of the fathers said,  
 Blood by the fathers shed,  
 Birthrights of yore.

Forward our banners move,  
Broad lies the land we love,  
    Glad songs we sing.  
Proud echoes thrill the air,  
Quick beat the hearts we bear,  
Wreathed on our brows we wear  
    Roses of Spring.

Held by thy righteous hand,  
Firm our foundations stand,  
    Rock-builded, fast.  
While stars shall shine may we  
Wise, just, victorious be,  
Peaceful from sea to sea,  
    One till the last.



XLIV.

THE LOSS OF THE SARAH CRAIG.

 SUDDEN flaw, a startled crew,  
 Black clouds to landward streaked  
 with flame,  
 Full on the ship, before they knew  
 The calm was broke, the tempest came.

In gusty whirls the rattling hail  
 Incessant sweeps across the deck ;  
 Shrill through the rigging pipes the gale  
 Its dismal prophecy of wreck.

The timbers shiver 'neath the stress ;  
 While, like a horse, its rider gone,  
 The frightened creature purposeless  
 Through the great deep is plunging on.

Till, spent her strength, her courage lost,  
 O'er mastered by the pitiless wave ;  
 The Sarah Craig, off Jersey coast,  
 Goes down, and there is none to save.

## XLV.

## AT THE SHRINE.

CHRISTMAS-EVE SONG OF SICILIAN PEASANTS.\*

 OMES the herdsman from the  
pastures;  
There is nothing he can bring,  
Save the yellow gourd of goat's milk,—  
Curds and cheese his offering.

Comes the hunter, brown and foot-sore,  
He hath tracked the forests wild,  
In his hand a hare he holdeth  
For the Mother and the Child.

Comes the little gleaner maiden,—  
From the hill-side she hath sped ;  
Nuts and almonds pile the basket  
Balanced on her crisp-curled head.

\* Paraphrase of a prose translation.

Comes the woodman with his fagots ;  
On the hearth they make good cheer,  
When the night dews touch thy chrisom,  
These shall warm it, Baby dear.

We 're but poor folk, Mary Mother ;  
Pardon, pardon, Mother mine :  
Poor are we, and poor our country,  
But the best we have is thine.

Welcome, welcome, night of gladness,—  
God-lit night made day the while !  
Welcome, welcome, Word eternal,  
Break the Winter with thy smile.



## XLVI.

## GARONDA.

**P**EACE to this house." More quick  
than echoes are,  
Attendant voices bring the sure  
reply.

"Peace," sings the brook. "Peace," the  
great fir-trees sigh.

"Peace," say the ancient mountains from  
afar,—

While broods above their purple rim the  
star,

Earliest to trespass on the evening sky,  
As if intent to utter ere she die

A blessing earth might neither make nor mar.  
Garonda—to these benedictions grand

Would I mine own in humble sequence  
add,—

May He who maketh sorrowful, yet mak-  
eth glad,

Bless thee with blessings more than we can  
dream;

"Gate of the Mountains," opened by that  
hand,

Thou a Gate Beautiful shalt grow to seem.

## XLVII.

## VINLAND.



INLAND, Vinland, a pleasant  
sound hath Vinland !

Some think the Norseman's anchor fell  
Full twenty miles to East ;  
In Buzzard's Bay his cruisers lay,  
For seasons three at least ;  
But be it here, or be it there,  
What matters that to me,  
So long as sunny Vinland  
Lies open to the sea ?

Vinland, Vinland, a dreamy sound hath  
Vinland !

Nay, there be skeptics bolder still,  
Who swear by Woden and Thor,  
No viking's sail e'er caught the gale  
To south of Labrador.

Perhaps they 're right, perhaps they 're  
wrong,  
What recks it, first or last,  
So long as strong-walled Vinland  
On Ochre Point stands fast ?

Vinland, Vinland, a cheery sound hath  
Vinland !

Then let the antiquaries strive  
Geographers contend,  
Old lies detect, fresh frauds suspect,  
Traditions mar or mend.  
Columbus or the Norsemen brave,  
To either I 'll agree  
So long as kindly Vinland  
Throws wide her doors to me.



XLVIII.

NEW THISTLE AND NEW ROSE.

A MESSAGE.

OURTNEY, good-bye! From all  
her friends  
Selecting one most true,  
New England to New Scotland sends  
Her word of love by you.

Time was, when o'er the garden wall  
The thistle and the rose,  
So far from letting blessings fall,  
Not seldom came to blows.

The prickly thistle tossed her head  
“What care I for thy thorn?”  
The angered rose flashed doubly red  
And answered scorn with scorn.

But now transplanted, side by side,  
New thistle and new rose,  
In bonds of neighborliness tied,  
Forget they once were foes.

So, Courtney, bear our greeting East,  
And tell these next of kin  
How gladly we shall keep the feast  
That brings your Lordship in.

How, spite of all the bickerers say,  
The diplomats invent,  
There stirs in Massachusetts Bay  
No wave of discontent.

For all the fishes in the sea,—  
What are they (say who knows)  
That they should cause to disagree  
New thistle and new rose ?



## XLIX.

## TELLUS.

**W**HY here on this third planet from  
the Sun

Fret we, and smite against our  
prison-bars ?

Why not in Saturn, Mercury, or Mars  
Mourn we our sins, the things undone and  
done ?

Where was the soul's bewildering course  
begun ?

In what sad land among the scattered stars  
Wrought she the ill which now for ever  
scars

By bitter consequence each victory won ?  
I know not, dearest friend, yet this I see,

That thou for holier fellowships wast  
meant.

Through some strange blunder thou art here ;  
and we,

Who on the convict ship were hither sent,  
By judgment just, must not be named with  
thee

Whose tranquil presence shames our dis-  
content.

L.

THE DESIRED HAVEN.

CROSS the bar, at set of sun,  
With gentle motion, tranquil,  
slow,  
Her harbor gained, her voyage done,  
I see the stately vessel go.

A glory strikes her from afar,  
Deep crimson lights her masts enfold;  
Gleams, silver-pointed, every spar,  
And all her sails are cloth of gold.

I see the friends along the shore,  
I hear their voices full and clear,—  
“Good ship! Good ship! Thy toils are o'er.  
“Soul, find thy rest. Cast anchor here.”

Well-earned the greeting: earned the rest.  
Pilot divine, whom winds obey,  
To us who still the billows breast  
Like entrance grant at close of day.

